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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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What We Are Coming To?

The people are growing restive. They are tired of going to the trouble and expense of trying and convicting felons only to have them turned loose "on a technicality." They are beginning to feel somewhat technical themselves, and one can hear fall from the lips of sober, steady, discreet, responsible citizens words commendatory of a report to the technically composed of conjoining a strong limb, a stout cord and a worthless neck. Judge Lynch's decisions are never reversed. His jurors do their work too well for unraveling. When he has disposed of a case it is safe to assert that the defendant will never offend again. His law embraces but one statute: "Whoever sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." We confess that, barring the abruptness of proceedings, and the absence of such formalities as warrants, writs, panels, sheriffs, tipstiffs, etc., there is something fascinating about the proceedings in his court, while the celerity and certainty with which its decrees are executed are calculated to inspire the people with confidence. It will not do for those in authority to longer ignore the fact that Judge Lynch and his reliable methods are rapidly growing in the popular favor, and but very few more decisions like that which turned Cope Snapp loose and saved young Crittenden from the penitentiary will serve to put him on top. Much as we deprecate mob violence—much as we deplore lynch law—yet, unless there is a radical change pretty soon in the methods of the Court of Appeals, we, in common with the great mass of citizens who are of our way of thinking, will be forced to invite and welcome Judge Lynch as a deliverer from the murderers and assassins that find in the appellate court a camp of refuge and a city of safety.—[Breckenridge News.

We draw all our Presidents from two classes—lawyers and soldiers. The proportion is generally three lawyers to one soldier. In this country, filled with able business men, we never think of making a farmer, a merchant, a banker, or a railway king a Presidential candidate. There is a tradition that Presidential years are bad business years, but the very reverse is the truth; 1880 was a very prosperous year; 1876 was better than the years which preceded or followed it; '72 and '68 were also prosperous years, and all the signs go to show that the close of this year will make it more prosperous than either of the two preceding years.—[Ex.

A Wall street broker says in the New Telegram: "Ten years ago I saw a man who had \$11,000,000 and seven children. One day I asked him why he did not retire. His answer was: 'I have \$11,000,000 I want just \$12,000,000, because I have seven children. My wish is to give each a million and keep \$5,000,000 for myself.' That man died in a tenement house, and his children are working for \$1 a day."

In the good old days of monarchy in France there was an excellent law, which ran as follows: "Whoever, by means of red or white paint, perfume, essence, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

Among the lace and net covered parasols a new shape called dome is the novelty, the material being full and drawn downward in imitation of the ordinary appearance of a dome. The Japanese and the usual shapes are also popular. Cream, green and black spotted Swiss muslin is to be used, and later on, flowered muslin, profusely trimmed with lace.

"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a needy-looking chap or a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring on your drink."

Dyspepsia in its worst form will yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

How Circus Lemonade is Made.

Signalling that it was all right, the circus man lifted up the flap of the tent for the reporter to enter, and quickly followed him inside.

"This," he said, "is where the circus lemonade is made, and," glancing at his watch, "if you wait a few moments you will see it done."

In the center of the tent stood a large box, and on one side two barrel-shaped tanks each with a spigot were placed on strong rests somewhat similar to a saw-horse. In a short time three men entered, and one of them proceeded to unlock the box, the sides of which at once fell apart, disclosing a very compact and solid looking engine, the steam for which was conducted through a pipe leading to one of the boilers in the cooking tent, while the other two brought a large tub, which they laid on the ground and nearly filled with filtered water, drawn from one of the tanks. A steel lemon squeezer was then attached to two iron arms of the engine, and a very worn and dilapidated-looking half of a lemon placed in it, the squeezer then being lowered into the tub. Steam was turned on and the squeezer began its work, the lemon emitting the most harrowing groans of agony from under the water as the pressure became more and more severe. Gradually these doleful sounds ceased, and the liquid assumed an amber-like hue, while a faint odor of lemons filled the air of the tent.

"That'll do; take it out," said the engineer, shutting off steam, and the dripping squeezer was withdrawn from the tub, the unhappy half lemon being carefully dried in a clean cloth and placed in a small iron safe which was then locked. The liquid in the tub was then stirred vigorously with an hermetically sealed glass bulb fastened to the end of a stick and the bulb being filled with the best white sugar. The man who stirred the mixture stopped at intervals to taste it, and, after remarking, "there, I guess it's sweet enough, let's get it out, Bill," with the help of his companions carried the tub away.

"This machine is the only one in the world," said the engineer proudly, as he patted the engine in a loving way, "and its secret couldn't be bought for \$50,000. Why, with this here machine I can make more lemonade with one lemon than any other circus man can with 500 bushels of 'em. The pressure on that squeezer can be graduated from one pound to 250,000 pounds to the square inch, and one lemon will make lemonade for six months at the rate of 100 gallons a day."

A Big Blast.

The Salt Lake Tribune gives the following account of a tremendous blast recently set off at Salt Lake City, Utah. About 100 persons assembled at the limestone quarry, North of Warm Springs, to witness the discharge of a big blast. Stone had been quarried out so as to leave a piling 100 feet wide and over 100 feet high. This face was nearly perpendicular, but had a bench or step extending up from the base forty feet. From this point a tunnel was run in on the dip of the ledge forty-three feet, and at the lower end a crescent forty-three feet long was made. At each end of this crescent a well was sunk nine feet deep, bringing the bottom about on a level with the floor of the quarry. In one of these wells 100 kegs of powder was placed, and in the other 125 kegs. This powder was placed in bulk, and wires so arranged as to enable the two masses to be fired at the same time by electricity. The powder and the wires once in position, the wells were filled up with tamping. The manner in which the tunnel crescent and wells were arranged made it easy to confine the explosive force of the powder so as to be more effective. Wires were stretched up the hill about 700 feet to a safe place, and a portable battery was carried to the spot. The crowd of spectators viewed the quarry and such features as were visible, and then retired to the valley below, 1,000 feet away, where they had good chance to witness the explosion. Mrs. Frank Pascoe touched off the powder just at 4 o'clock by merely pressing a key of the machine, and at once the whole face of the quarry was raised and fell in an immense mass of broken rock, from the size of an egg up to that nearly of a house. Mr. Pascoe estimates that the blast brought down and loosened up between 3,000 and 4,000 tons of rock. The report of the explosion was not heavy—in fact, less than is often made by a stick of giant—but the tumbling of the rocks made the earth tremble for quite a distance. "The amount of smoke which rose in an immense cloud gave some idea as to the amount of powder used, and for a time obscured the view."

"In the State prison at Trenton, N. J., are two bank presidents, two receiving tellers, four bank cashiers, a county treasurer and a city auditor serving sentences for stealings amounting to \$5,070,000."

If your face, neck and hands are sunburned or inflamed, bathe them with Papillon Skin Cure; it will allay the inflammation instantly. For sale at McRoberts & Stagg's.

If you have a cold in your head, been in a draft and have the result of your imprudence annoying your comfort, insulate with a few applications of Papillon Catarrh Cure and you will be relieved at once. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg's.

We have never heard of such marvelous cures of Coughs in children and adults as Papillon Cough Cure produces. You should have a bottle in your house in case of need. For sale at McRoberts & Stagg's.

A Kiss in Court.

When John McElwee, a sentimental youth of twenty summers, was arranged on a chance of striking his sweetheart Maggie Andrews a pert and pretty miss of nineteen, he wiped his moist eyes with his coat as he said: "You see, Judge, me and Maggie has been keeping company for some time, and I'm so fond of her that I don't like to see her at all free with other young fellows. Last Saturday we took a walk on Grand street, and Maggie giggled and flirted so with every fellow we passed that I couldn't stand it. The more I growled about it, the more she laughed at me, and at last I got excited and just hit her on the face with my open hand. She fell off the chair somehow, and her head came in contact with a chair rung somehow. That's how it happened, and I'm awful sorry, and I don't think Maggie will press the charge against me."

"Yes, I will," said Maggie, whose pretty blue eyes were also filled with tears, while an ugly bandage half hid her golden tresses. "I'm ready to forgive you, Johnnie, at the proper time, but I don't think I can quite forgive you till I know you've had something done to you for the way you treated me. I want to see something done to him, Judge."

"Very well then," said the obliging Magistrate. "John, the offense you have committed is a most unmanly and brutal one. We send husbands who beat their wives to the penitentiary for three or six months, but I don't know what sentence could be so severe for a young man who thrashes his sweetheart. She should feel thankful that she found you out in time, and should while she was still free, sentence you to banishment from her society forever, in order that the might be in no future danger of a repetition of so cowardly an assault upon her. The sentence of this court is that you be imprisoned in the county jail for a term of twenty-nine days."

Young McElwee cast a despairing glance at Miss Andrews, who for her part, looked as though she wished she had not insisted upon pressing the charge against her pugilistic lover. The youth blubbered aloud, and tears fell very freely from the blue eyes of the pretty maiden. They looked at each other for a moment, and then the youth ran with outstretched arms to where the girl stood, and in a second they were locked in a farewell embrace, while their lips met in a kiss whose resounding smack could be heard in every corner of the court room. The young man was hurried off by the unfeeling officer to his dungeon cell, and the girl stood looking sadly after him until the laughter of the court-room crowd aroused her. She started up, laughed a little, blushed deeply and ran from the room to the street.—[Brooklyn Union.

The situation which the democratic party is called upon to face is unlike anything that has been known in the political history of our country. For the first time the nomination of a man whose reputation is dubious has concentrated the attention of the country upon the character of the candidate and upon the political methods that he represents and will doubtless employ. The platform on which he stands, though absurd, contradictory and demagogic, receives comparatively little attention because it merely presents in a verbose fashion the confused and shallow ideas and the insecure and tricky spirit of the candidate himself. Any one who took the trouble to read Mr. Blaine's speech to the committee that notified him of his nomination must have smiled at his remark that he had "studied" the platform. No amount of study that he could give to it would discover in it anything but a medley of empty campaign cries, with one intelligible resolution regarding civil service reform, which is practically nullified by the nomination.—[New York Times.

According to the Electoral Count Bill which is about to become a law, when the two Houses of Congress meet in joint convention to count the votes for President and Vice President, the session shall be continuous until the count shall be completed. A recess may be taken for a period not longer than twenty-four hours; but after the first Saturday covered in the count no recess shall be allowed. When objections are raised to the returns of a State, or when contesting returns are presented, the two Houses shall settle the dispute in joint convention, and the vote shall be taken after a debate limited to three hours.

This hot weather dampens the linen of the starchiest dude on the street and makes him uncomfortable in mind and body; but bless us, how it does make the corn grow! Out of the corn, if we have plenty of it, may be made new dodes and more starch.—[Philadelphia Record.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Cathartic, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

—THE GREAT—

BARGAIN STORE

Low Prices Make Business Easy.

Although the weather is hot and oppressive, our trade is continually on the increase. A great many predicted for us a short stay in Stanford, but on the contrary we wish to inform the people of Lincoln county that we are permanently located here and intend to continue to

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS,

such as can be found nowhere else. We don't have to give chronos to induce people to buy of us. Our success is solely attributed to the wonderfully low prices we mark on our goods. Not a day passes but what we are asked how we can afford to sell goods at such prices. We answer that our buyer in New York is always on the alert hunting up bargains and we give our customers the full advantage of them. Just

A few days ago we received Six Cases Ladies' and Children's Hats,

—And as it was a little late in the season, are—

Closing Them Out at Less than One-half Regular Prices.

—They are going fast, too.—

In the last few weeks we have sold twelve dozen Dr. Warner's \$1 Corsets at the extremely low price of 75c each,

Which is less than wholesale prices. Are about out of them now, but will shortly have others at as great a bargain.

BOOTS & SHOES

In this department our trade has been immense. All the reason we can give is because we save you from 25c to \$1 per pair on same class of goods sold elsewhere.

HATS AND CAPS.

From the amount we have sold one would suppose that every man and boy in the county had one of our hats; but the trade in this line does not seem to fall off any. Our men's fine Straw Hats at 50 cents are a big bargain. They are fully worth double the money; men's Stiff Hats at \$1, \$1.50 and \$1.75, worth from \$2.50 to \$3. Another lot of men's soft Fur Hats at \$1.25 each. Boys' Wool Hats 10, 15 and 25 cents.

GLOVES & HOSIERY.

A job lot of Ladies' Silk Gloves, assorted colors, at 45 cents a close; worth 75 cents; 300 pair Ladies' White Cotton Hose, slightly soiled, at the unheard of price of 5 cents per pair; worth 20 cents. Other goods in proportion.

CLOTHING.

Boys' Wool Knee Pants 25 cents per pair; Boys' Good Wool mixed Suits \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, running from four to eight years old; 25 Child's all-wool kilt Suits, from a New York sheriff's sale, slightly soiled, at \$1.50 and \$2; worth double; sizes from 2 to 6 years. Don't fail to see them.

Over 8,000 Spools of Our Machine Thread Distributed through the County.

It is soft finish, 6 cord, 200 yards on a spool, Warranted to work on any machine and we sell two spools for 5 cents. You can get it nowhere else. As we receive goods almost every day

You will Always Find something New at Our Store.

After you have looked all over town, come here and note the difference in prices. You will find our goods all marked in plain figures and if not as represented, your money will be cheerfully returned. We especially ask those that can to come in during the week and not wait until Saturday, as we are so rushed then that we can't give you the attention we would like to. Follow the crowd and you will be sure to find the place.

S. L. POWERS & CO.,

Originators and Promoters of Low Prices for all the People. Under the St. Asaph Hotel.

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1884.

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